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which gives one an excellent idea of the gifted artist.

The collection of pictures, to be sold for the benefit of the Fund, is very creditable, containing good specimens of the styles of some of our best artists. Prominent among the works exhibited is "Morning on the Hudson, Haverstraw Bay," by S. R. Gifford—a most exquisite picture, which is all the more commendable from the fact that it is entirely different in style and color from any of the artist's warm, glowing pictures.

This ends the notice of the artists' Fund Society Exhibition; in reviewing the pictures, I have endeavored to do so with an unbiassed and unprejudiced eye, giving praise where it is due and not sparing that which is bad. Some pictures may have been overlooked, but it is next to impossible to notice every picture in a large exhibition and the critic is forced to content himself with those which are positively good, positively bad, or such as give promise of future excellence in the painter.

The Fifth Annual Exhibition of pictures of the French, English and Flemish Schools is now open at the Studio Building, in Tenth street, and is attracting some notice. Although, as a whole, unsatisfactory, the collection contains many good works of foreign artists, which shall be noticed next week.

The artists of the Studio Building gave their first "At Home" on Saturday of last week, and were visited by many art lovers. This is a very good idea, and will undoubtedly serve to excite some interest in American art; one great fault, however, in the present plan is that the invitations issued are too exclusive, being extended only to a certain set; let them be to the public in general, and the fact thoroughly advertised throughout the daily and weekly papers; this will draw in outsiders, and the people may perchance have their eyes open to the fact that we have amongst us artists who can rank with the greatest of those of the old country, and that they can buy as good pictures from native painters as they will find in the auction galleries and salesrooms of foreign picture dealers.

PALETTE.

#### LITERARY MATTERS.

"GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR JEALOUSY," by CHARLES READE. Published by TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Probably no work of fiction produced within the last half century has created such a sensation and received so much severe criticism as "Griffith Gaunt." It appears to be fair game for every quill driver to hurl his venomous shafts at, and pour out his torrents of abuse upon, poor Mr. Reade! He little knew what a hornet's nest of criticism he was raising about his ears when he wrote this novel—a novel which, in after years, will stamp him as one of giants of literature of the nineteenth century. Next to Thackeray, Mr. Reade is, without a doubt, the greatest novelist of the age; and in some points he is even superior to Thackeray, having a greater command of language, and investing his dialogues with a force and power which is eminently vigorous and natural. Herein lies the great charm of Mr. Reade's style, it is so essentially true to human nature, his characters talk like men and women, and not

like the stilted, pedantic beings we find in novels, but never in the world. Then again, there is a freshness and vigor in all his writing, a bold Saxon bluntness, which does not hesitate to call things by their proper names, instead of covering them up with the affected prudery of society; add to this his great power of drawing character—in which he is unsurpassed by every living writer—and we find that Mr. Reade is possessed of all the necessary requisites of a great novelist—a novelist who, although sensation newspapers may revile, the people will always read and admire. But "Griffith Gaunt" has been attacked on the score of its morality, and this by one of our leading papers, the editors of which have made themselves conspicuous for their opposition to the opinions of other journalists, and a continued abuse of everything good, bad, and indifferent. Let us look at their record of literary morality, and see if this is not a case of "the pot calling the kettle black." About a year since was published in the journal in question, a paper entitled "The Purple Woman," which was an elaborate account of the well-being, handsome dresses, manners and "turn outs" of the unfortunate *traviatas* of our great city. The writer of it chuckled with glee over the idea that those unfortunates might be seen in the Park seated in a handsome carriage, and driving neck and neek with the wives and families of ministers, bankers, and respectable merchants, and hinted that, of the two, the wife of the minister, banker, or respectable merchant was apt to look less a lady than her traller neighbor. The article was doubtless written with the most strictly moral intentions, but it certainly sounded otherwise.

Then, at a later period appeared a paper which attempted to prove by specious arguments that the majority of American women were habitual drunkards. In addition to the two above mentioned papers, several others of an equally immoral character appeared in the journal, the names of which have, at the moment, slipped our memory. And this paper is to set itself up in opposition to "Griffith Gaunt" on the score of its immorality! The plot of the story is a disagreeable one we admit, but as to its morality no reasonable reader will deny that it is quite as strong on that score as any of the modern novels, and certainly far beyond the works of Fielding, Smollet, and many other of the old writers. But the plot we do not consider so much; the great beauty of "Griffith Gaunt" lies in the vigor and terseness of the dialogue, and the wonderful knowledge of human nature displayed by its author in the drawing of character; hence, as a story, we do not look upon it as a thorough success, but as a true and life-like picture of humanity, both in its best and worst phases, and as a piece of strong, vigorous and incisive writing, we do not for instant hesitate to pronounce the greatest work of the age.

The National Conservatory, now located in Madison Avenue, near 29th Street, commenced its series of soirees on Friday evening, Nov. 30th, with excellent promise of success, the rooms being well filled and the select audience there assembled expressing gratification for the musical entertainment then provided by Professors and Pupils.

[For the American Art Journal.]

#### OJOS CRIOLLOS.

Come once more, oh wild notes flowing—

Come, thou power most divine!  
Like a god, my right hand raising,  
I can call the dead years mine!  
Come, lost days! not flow forever—  
Love, like Memory, never dies;  
Nor the music that we loved so,  
Faithful still, sweet Creole Eyes!

You are shining down upon me,  
As the swift chords swell and fall;  
Other treasures have been fleeting—  
Ye seem steadfast over all!  
Nothing lingers—life is floating  
On the strong tide far away;  
You and I alone are waiting  
For the glory of the day.  
Only you are looking, looking—  
Lingering when Life's fever flies;  
Only you and I are living  
In this dream, bright Creole Eyes!

Flash, ye wild notes, through my vision,  
Sweep to the eternal sea!  
Sweep the wrecks of earthly passion  
Farther from those eyes and me!  
While the hurrying tide is swiftest,  
Leave us stranded safe and far—  
Looking down on Time's vain current,  
High above its weary war.  
High above the strife and sinning,  
And the bitter sacrifice,  
Let us dream and never waken,  
Never more, dear Creole Eyes!

Ye are still as deep and tender  
As in years long passed away;  
Fair as if no night had fallen  
Since that last and brightest day;  
Still the sad and wistful shadow  
O'er your haughty glory lies—  
Lift the sorrow and the longing  
Up to Heaven, sad Creole Eyes!

For the dream already going—  
For the dream long dead and gone—  
For the peace I may not cling to,  
As the swift notes hurry on!  
Pray for us! that we no longer  
Cast Life's glory all aside;  
That *this* dream be ours forever,  
Though too soon the last one died!  
Lift your voice, oh you that loved me!  
Pray for me! the swift tide rolls,  
And the chords grow deeper—vaster—  
As the gulf between our souls!  
Lift your prayer that you may linger  
When the last frail shadow dies;  
Pass not on this sweeping current  
To the sea, oh Creole Eyes!

I can feel the south wind blowing  
With the spice-balm in its breath;  
And I hear the great sea singing,  
Life is victor over Death;  
I can see the heaven bend blue,  
O'er your eyes, like stars divine,  
And the rising gems of twilight  
In the day's last glory, shine.

Life is dearer, Heaven is nearer,  
And the earth her curse defies—  
And your love fills earth and Heaven  
In my dream, loved Creole Eyes!

Hark! what mighty voice has spoken—  
What has called the dead years back?  
Time once more is sweeping by me,  
In the old unchanging track!  
Weary hand, where is thy power?  
With the charmed music gone!  
Loving eyes, have ye too faded—  
Have ye left my soul alone?  
Not alone! there strife and madness,  
Rest between two broken sighs:  
Weary days of loss and longings,  
In thy place, oh Creole Eyes!

Not alone—for all the phantoms  
That those dying years awoke:  
All the passion, all the fever,  
Weary hearts that loved and broke!  
All the anguish of the future—  
Memory's curse when *that* might fail—  
Flattery, and hate, and envy,  
For the old enchanted tale!  
There is glory! I have gained it,  
With the worm that never dies:  
Gained to soothe me when you perished—  
Gained for *you*—lost Creole Eyes!

MINETTE.

## MUSIC IN UTICA, NEW YORK.

THE SACRED CONCERT.—Last night a large and attentive audience sat in judgment in St. John's Church upon the Mass composed by the talented organist of the church, Mr. C. G. St. Clair. The instrumental part was sustained by a full orchestra. The solos of Mrs. Matthew J. Shanly, Mr. T. B. Prendergast and Mr. Edwards were exceedingly well rendered, and had the church been a place for such manifestations, they would have been heartily applauded. And we should not fail also to notice that basso, Mr. Edward Kunkely. He would certainly have been one of the favored ones last evening, had there been any demonstrations of approval. These sacred masses of the Catholic Church are a welcome addition to our concert programmes. They have about them that subdued, religious air which appeals to the deeper feelings of the heart, and they also form a fine contrast to the secular music of the day. We enjoy secular music all the better from hearing occasionally such sacred pieces. While the new Mass of Mr. St. Clair is one that interests *per se*, yet it must have the benefit of an equal amount of choice singing and very superior instrumental music before its full beauties and excellencies can be produced. And such support, in a great measure, it received last night. The full chorus in the "Gloria in Excelsis" well expressed the idea of the composer, and then it was all the better enjoyed by allowing the soprano and tenor alone to take up the "*Qui tollis peccata mundi*." Mrs. Shanly's fine soprano voice showed well in the "Ave Maria" of part second, and in this place also the skill of the composer made the music express the full sentiment of the production. The success of the Mass was achieved even before the rendition of the "Benedictus" and "Angus Dei," and yet all felt that the music in the two latter parts appropriately crowned the evening's entertainment. Taken as a whole, the

Mass was certainly a great success, and reflects honor upon its composer, Mr. St. Clair. We hope this will not be the last Sacred Concert of the Choir of St. John's Church. The individual members of the Choir well performed the part assigned them last evening, and we feel sure that another Concert would be well received by the people of Utica.—*Ex.*

[From the London Musical World.]

## ROSSINI, THE MUSICAL COMPOSER.

I met Rossini the other day in the Palais Royal. Every one is acquainted with his physiognomy, which is that of a somewhat caustic old gentleman. Since the invention of photography, sudden surprises are no more things of this world. We know every one and everything beforehand. I experienced, however, a very great degree of pleasure at beholding the features of this glorious enchanter of our age. He was walking along slowly, with his head bent forward, and his chin plunged in his cravat. Everything about him was the picture of neatness, with a dash of dandyism, evidenced in his whole appearance, even down to the untarnished brilliancy of the new rosette which ornamented his capacious frock coat. We sometimes come across singular coincidences. The very same morning I had been reading, in an English review, that happened to be lying upon a friend's table, a few pages in which the *maestro* played a part. The anonymous author of the article protested warmly against the assertion of a biographer who had denounced Rossini as an intriguing, unscrupulous, envious man, just as if any but the incapable were envious in this world. I thought, with satisfaction, of what I had read in the morning. I fancied that the master's face completed the critic's vengeance. The said critic was well acquainted with Rossini, whom he represented as a man of charming mind, full of wit and repartee, and at the same time as possessing a heart of gold, open to every grand thought. People have often spoken of his caustic disposition, but always left in the shade his amiable qualities, even denying their existence; just as if the man who had produced the prayer in "Moise" and the trio in "Guillaume Tell" could, by any possibility, be simply a quibbler upon words. There are, it is true, many individuals whose sentiments are greatly cried up, but who are really nothing more than mere phrase-mongers.

Rossini, it has been said, did not do justice to the talent of his rivals. The English critic denies this. He is far too great himself, says the critic, not to appreciate greatness in others. How often has he been found landing to the skies the music of Weber and Mendelssohn! "One day I told him"—it is the English critic who is speaking—"that we had had some music at my house the evening before." "What did you sing?" he inquired. "Things by Rossini." "Do not sing them," he replied, with gentle irony: "their day is gone by. But what did you sing besides?" "Something by Mendelssohn." "In that case," he observed, "you sang something exquisite, tender, and delicate."

This homage rendered to the genius of another man is more than sufficient refutation of the stupid calumny which represents the greatest composer of our time as the systematic and sworn detractor of modern music.

One night, at his house, the conversation turned upon the necessity of falsehood. "As no one can bear the truth," it was remarked, "it is in-

dispensable for us to lie, in order not to make an enemy at every step we take." A hundred instances were adduced to prove this. Rossini, however, maintained that nothing was gained by falsehood, after all. "Here is a proof," he said: "Some one brought me an opera he had composed, and begged me to give him my opinion with perfect sincerity. He himself began a system of falsehood when he adopted this tone. What he wanted was not my opinion, but my unconditional approbation. He sat down to the piano. I listened to twenty pages of his opera. "Shall I act with perfect sincerity toward you?" I inquired, pointing with my finger to a passage more unlucky than the rest. He scarcely allowed me time to speak before he exclaimed: "My dear *maestro*, if you will only be kind enough to read once more the passage which precedes, you will perceive that the passage you condemn is the natural consequence of it." "If it is necessary, we will say no more about it," I replied, and we went on. In a few minutes I suggested a correction altogether indispensable. "My dear *maestro*," observed my visitor, "if you will kindly glance over the following, you will see that this passage is most essential, and that the slightest change would spoil the whole effect." "If the slightest change would spoil the whole effect, let the passage stand," I answered. We went on still further, but the work at last became so insupportable that I shut up the book, and said to the composer: "*Mio caro Signore, questa contra musica è la musica più*" (here I indulged in a vigorous Italian adjective, which I beg my hearers will excuse me for not repeating,) "*chio abbia mai sentita in vita mia*." ("My dear sir, your music is really the worst music I have seen in my life.") Well, the gentleman never liked me afterwards," added Rossini, looking at his auditors with an expression of mild surprise, which caused them to nearly die of laughing.

One day that there was company at Rossini's, he had a visit from a lady formerly a professional singer, but who had left the stage, and was then one of Rossini's most ardent admirers. "I recollect perfectly having seen you at Bologna, with your father," he remarked; "but you never came to call upon me. All the other prime donne used to do so. Why did not you?" "Exactly because the others did so," replied the lady. You were then all powerful, and might have believed I came from interested motives. At present I have no longer any need of your assistance; consequently I come, and it is gratitude that brings me."

Bursting into tears, and taking the lady's two hands in his own, Rossini exclaimed: "*Oh, cara cure così non si trovano qui, in questo mondo; no, non si trovano più!*" ("My dear madam, hearts like yours are no longer found in this world.")

With how many scoundrels he must have met on his path, for a few disinterested words to move him to such a pitch!

[Special Correspondence of the Playunc.]

## THE NEW PARIS PLAY.

PARIS, October, 1866.

To say M. Sardou's new play is successful is to speak coldly. It is one of those great successes which enrich a theatre and an author, and keep possession of the bills for about one hundred consecutive nights. I am told the manager reckons his receipts from the piece at \$200,000, and M. Sardou is sure of \$25,000 from it. Lord Mansfield